

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
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# OLD CRIMES' CELLAR DOOR

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How oft we talked of childhood's joys,  
Of tricks we used to play,  
Playing "hooky" from school,  
To sport the live-long day;  
And, oh! how often do I sigh  
For those bright days of yore,  
When Billy Brown and I did slide,  
Down on the cellar door.

Yes, I would give all my greenbacks,  
To see those days once more,  
When Billy Brown and I slid down,  
Old Grimes' cellar door, \*

Some boys would stealing apples go,  
While others used to stray,  
Down to the docks, where sugar casks  
In rows together lay;  
But Bill and I would seek the spot,  
So dear to us in yore,  
And side by side, together slide,  
Down the old cellar-door. Chorus.

But at last, a change came o'er the scene,  
When poor Old Grimes he died—  
His son removed the cellar door,  
On which we used to slide;  
Our Mothers they were proud of it,  
For, the pantaloons we tore;  
They had to be half soled and heeled,  
From sliding on the door. Chorus.

But, since I arrived to manhood's age,  
The only sport for me,  
Or my ancient friend, Billy Brown.  
Is to go upon a spree:  
Yet, we never do enjoy ourselves,  
As in days of yore,  
When careless, laughing urchins, we,  
Slid down the cellar door. Chorus

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